

Ice Dildos

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15917550) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15917550>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki , Matoi Ryuuko
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit Language , Sex , Sex Toys , Lesbian Sex , Ice Play
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of A Handful of Terrible AUs
Stats:	Published: 2018-09-07 Words: 5,212 Chapters: 1/1

Ice Dildos

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Summary

Part of the Friend of my Friends-au series AKA porno-au. Satsuki has something important to talk to Ryuko about, but first, business.

“I don’t know, man.” Ryuko fussed with her shoelaces. Her index finger wrapping and unwrapping the cord from around her digit as she sat cross-legged on her sofa, words wholly lacking. “I guess- well. I suppose she just hasn’t really been talking to me much lately.”

Across the line and deep within the earpiece of Ryuko’s smartphone came Sanageyama’s voice. The beginning parts of it a low hum like soft static. “She does that sometimes. Has she been at work a lot?”

“Yea,” she paused. Gazing off to the far end of the room at nothing in particular. “Am I being fucking stupid?”

“Yup.” His response was concise and to the point. Ryuko made the mistake of waiting a few seconds too long, causing her come back to fall flat.

“Shut the fuck up.”

“Very nice. Didn’t you say she was coming by your place tonight anyways?” he asked and Ryuko could almost swear he sounded thoughtful.

“She should be here any minute, actual-”

The sound of the doorbell nearly startled her out of her skin. Her full-body flinch was so dramatic, she hurled her phone straight up into the air. Missing the ceiling by a scant few inches only to be caught on the top of her head by it with a boisterous *thup* .

“Fuck!” Ryuko fumbled to retrieve it before hectically bringing it back to her ear. Her voice a hoarse whisper, “What do I do?! She told me she wanted to talk about something!”

“Calm down, bro. What’s the worst that could happen?”

“Wha- what’s the worst?!” Completely irate at Sanageyama’s seemingly uncaring response, Ryuko hung up the phone on him.

She would have spent more time pacing had it not been for her doorbell being rung a second time. Ryuko could only imagine the stern look that Satsuki was giving the door, arms crossed over her ample bosom, as she tapped her toes impatiently on the ancient carpet that stretched the hallway.

Taking a deep breath in preparation for her tardiness to the door, she unlocked the dead bolt and pulled it open. Much to her surprise, Satsuki was leaned against the jam, staring into the middle-distance tiredly. To Ryuko she appeared far removed from the situation, one arm lazily holding her clutch while the other hung at her side. Her hair was pulled into a messy bun, her bangs ruffled with fly-aways and her eyes highlighted with dark circles.

Even then, she was perfect.

Ryuko blushed as Satsuki acknowledged her, connecting their gazes before slipping past her and into Ryuko’s apartment. Before Ryuko could begin to question her at all, Satsuki grabbed

her by the wrist and dragged her back into the apartment. The action was so sudden and forceful that Ryuko barely had time to close the door before being dragged helplessly inside.

She would have spoken if not for the feeling of Satsuki's fingers snaking across her arms, her fingers twining into Ryuko's hair. The sigh she let out then was monumental.

"Ryuko," she said her name softly and Ryuko grinned into her neck, moving her hands to pull Satsuki close.

"Satsuki," Ryuko cooed.

"Ryuko, my love," she shivered as she felt Satsuki run her lips up the length of her neck, her nose coming to rest behind Ryuko's ear.

"Mmm?"

"I missed you," Satsuki whispered the words into the shell of her ear and Ryuko could feel every hair on her body stand on end.

"I missed you too, Satsuki. So, so, much," they stood there for a while, rocking softly against each other.

Just as suddenly as their embrace had started, Satsuki pulled back and studied Ryuko at a distance with great contemplation on her face, "I want to talk to you about something."

"Oh?" Ryuko pretended that the question didn't give her anxiety.

"But I so desperately want to scratch this *insatiable* itch I have had for weeks since the last time we met," her fingers curled into the hair at the nape of Ryuko's neck and pulled. Satsuki grinned at the gasp that escaped from Ryuko's lips.

"I think I have the absolutely perfect thing to scratch that itch for you," Ryuko smirked, giving Satsuki a peck on the lips before bounding off to the kitchen. She rummaged around in the freezer, bags of months old vegetables and empty frozen pizza boxes concealing the item she sought after until she finally managed to find it.

By the time she got back to the living room Satsuki was flopped across the couch, her heels kicked off at varying distances and her face buried in the crack of the cushions. She'd even gone to such lengths that her hair was down, cascading across her shoulder blades. Ryuko thought for a moment that she might have fallen asleep and wondered whether it was worth it to wake her.

Before she could flounder any longer, Satsuki rolled into her back and groaned. Stretching dramatically before eyeing Ryuko and the cylindrical item in her hand.

"My, my," Satsuki intoned. "What do you have in store for me, Matoi Ryuko?"

"As if you don't know," Ryuko responded, resting the hunk of ice onto the couch beside Satsuki.

“I wasn’t certain if you would pull through on that,” Satsuki hummed as Ryuko leaned in, her lips ghosting over the shell of Satsuki’s ear.

“C’mon, where’s the faith?” Ryuko whispered, noticing a barely concealed shudder that quaked through Satsuki’s body. The feeling of cold, long, fingers twining their way into her hair left Ryuko gasping unabashedly. They curled against her scalp, the tease of nail eliciting a less than polite moan from Ryuko.

“I have plenty of faith in your,” she paused. “abilities.”

“Oh, I see,” Ryuko had pushed Satsuki back down onto the couch, her palm pressed firmly against her sternum, fingers splayed across Satsuki’s collarbones; closer to the threat of choking than choking itself. “Little miss CEO goes off to handle her company, has to boss everyone around. Gets all hot and bothered with no relief.”

Satsuki cocked an eyebrow and Ryuko couldn't tell if she was waiting because she wanted to hear more or because she didn't want to respond. She took the silence as a cue to continue, her free hand reaching down to begin unsnapping the buttons of Satsuki’s regal blue dress shirt.

“So she thinks she can show up out of the blue, two months later, and get everything she wants?” Ryuko asked. Satsuki looked up at her in defiance even as she slipped her palm beneath the cup of Satsuki's bra and squeezed. Ryuko could tell she was restraining her gasps, purposefully playing into the tension between them.

“How dare you presume anything about me,” Satsuki’s words come out as a growl. She reached up and grabbed Ryuko roughly by the back of her neck so that she could pull her down into a sloppy kiss. Their teeth clicked between passings, and Ryuko nearly orgasmed on the spot when Satsuki ground her thigh between her legs.

“S-sh-” she grunted, pressing her face to Satsuki’s collarbone so she could muffle her expletive with open-mouth kisses.

“Pathetic,” Satsuki spat the word; staccato.

All Ryuko could do in reply was turn her face to the side. The blush on her cheek pressed firmly to the rise of Satsuki’s shoulder. She could feel her cool fingers spidering their way up her back and Ryuko curled away reflexively. Her muscles vibrated and popped, sensitive to every movement of Satsuki’s digits as they climbed the length of her spine. Only relieving her of the tension when she clasped Ryuko to her chest in a nearly crushing embrace. Ryuko could feel her arms, curled against her, cupping her head and hips almost protectively, reverently. If Satsuki squeezed her any tighter she feared they might just become a single person- as terrifying and existential as that thought was- but Ryuko found herself not minding the idea too much.

By the time Satsuki finally let her go, Ryuko had to check the item she’d grabbed from the freezer earlier. She was thankful to find that it hadn’t melted too much.

“Look, it’s better when it’s a little melty but it is a time sensitive material.” Ryuko looked up at Satsuki and winked. Satsuki just rolled her eyes but Ryuko could swear there was the slightest quirk at the end of her lips.

“And just when the foreplay was getting good,” Satsuki admonished.

“There’ll be plenty foreplay later,” Ryuko busied herself with unwrapping the ice from it’s mould of paper mache. Just as she unwrapped it in full, she watched as Satsuki’s eyes went from mild disinterest to surprised curiosity.

“I’ll admit,” she started, tilting her head to look at it from a different angle as Ryuko admired along with her. “I didn’t expect it to be so-”

“Grandiose?” Ryuko purred, making a flourish with the dildo as she did.

“I was going to say *large* .” Ryuko hummed at that.

“I think I’ve seen you take larger.” And as if proof enough was a blowjob, Ryuko slowly sucked at the ice dildo in a manner she could only hope was more arousing than silly.

Satsuki said nothing but her eyebrows twitched in restraint.

“Yea, definitely seen you take larger than this. Now,” she reached out and thumbed at the button on Satsuki’s jeans, successfully undoing it and beginning to tug at the zipper. “ take your fuckin’ pants off, Kiryuin.”

There was a soft snort that left Satsuki’s nose but she complied nonetheless. Ryuko sat back on her knees and took in the show of Satsuki meticulously raising her legs together and removing not only her pants but her sheer black lace panties as well. For a moment Ryuko could swear there was a hentai-esque line of wetness that stretched from those panties to Satsuki’s core.

“Nice.” The word left her lips and Ryuko nodded along to her own comment.

“Could you not?” Satsuki asked forcefully enough to break Ryuko from her reverie.

“Oh yes, of course, absolutely,” Ryuko babbled as she dipped her torso between Satsuki’s thighs, her palms smoothing over the outside of her legs as she went.

“Thank you,” Satsuki sighed the words as soon as Ryuko buried her tongue flat against her soaked core. “Thank fucking god-”

It took Ryuko all her strength to keep Satsuki from bucking up into her teeth as she began to circle her swollen bud. Soft whimpers encouraged Ryuko to continue a pattern, her jaw working to press firmly against every rise of Satsuki’s hips. When she slipped a digit, then two, inside of Satsuki’s entrance she could swear her fingers were going to get mangled by the crushing contractions of muscles as Satsuki orgasmed. There were more than a few muted high notes that left her throat and Ryuko hummed in satisfaction at every one.

“Ryuko-” Satsuki’s voice stuttered in her throat as Ryuko pressed the ice teasingly against her outer lips.

“What’s that?” Ryuko gave a saccharine tone to the question.

“Ryuko, please-” again she missed a beat as Ryuko pressed it more firmly against her entrance. “Ryuko for fucks sake that’s *freezing* .”

“That’s the point, ain’t it?” Ryuko wrapped her free arm around Satsuki’s leg so she could use her fingers to help spread open her center.

With the member so cold against her entrance, Ryuko knew the warmth of her tongue against her clitoris would be unbearable. If the way Satsuki fisted her hands into her hair and arched her back was any indication, Ryuko knew she was right. She continued her ministrations, pressing the ice further and further inside Satsuki until it was almost entirely within her.

“How’s that, beautiful?” she asked, taking the time to rest her cheek against the inside of Satsuki’s thigh. Ryuko watched as Satsuki stared up at the ceiling, her face twitching and eyebrows raised.

“A lot.”

“Like, not good ‘a lot’? Or, like, you’re into it ‘a lot’?” Ryuko chuckled softly, her index finger continuing to hold the dildo inside of Satsuki. Every once in a while she could feel it shift and press against her digit, the tell-tale sign of the spasms occurring on Satsuki’s part.

“No,” she paused and Ryuko could tell she was starting to regain control of her senses, “no, it’s good. Just a lot.”

Ryuko hummed in response, moving back to press her tongue to Satsuki’s labia. She was rewarded with a gasp and the feeling of Satsuki’s heels digging into her kidneys. Her fingers tugging roughly at Ryuko’s hair. She growled at the sensation, dragging her teeth threateningly against the sensitive skin she’d sucked into her mouth.

“Oi, behave yourself,” Ryuko murmured briefly before returning to her duty.

“Sorry,” Satsuki sighed, a grin beginning to stretch across her face as she flopped one of her arms over her eyes. “Concern machine broke.”

If it hadn’t been for Ryuko’s mouth being full she might have laughed herself to tears. Instead, she picked up the pace, rolling her eyes despite the mirth she knew was apparent in them.

Satsuki gasped, her hands pulling at her own hair along with Ryuko’s. With just her finger, Ryuko gently let the dildo ease from Satsuki’s body. She was careful not to let it fall all the way out, and just as soon as she’d started, Ryuko pressed it back inside. Satsuki groaned unceremoniously.

“You don’t say,” they caught each other’s eyes and Ryuko grinned. A scowl was what she got in return.

“Could you hurry it up?” she snarled in as menacing a tone she could get but it came out a desperate and heady thing to Ryuko. She pressed a gentle kiss to the top of Satsuki’s pelvis, burying her nose into the curls there.

“Sorry, fuck machine broke.” The soft lilt of Satsuki letting a single ‘hah’ slip had Ryuko’s chest constricting. She looked up just in time to see a wide smile splitting Satsuki’s features before being covered with the back of her palm.

That was payment in itself to Ryuko and she greedily dove back down to bury her tongue against Satsuki’s heat. She did her best to grip the ice that had begun to sweat in earnest and eventually grasped it between her fingertips. With some sort of discordant rhythm, Ryuko began to pump the ice into Satsuki’s body. A few murmured expletives left Satsuki at the sensation, her chest heaving with labored gasps. Ryuko could swear that Satsuki was going to rip a chunk of her hair out the moment she began to climax. It took all of Ryuko’s strength to hold her body against the couch, her free hand curling aggressively into the dip of Satsuki’s hip. The entire time she never relented, her tongue continuing to draw circles and symbols while trying to keep her teeth from clipping anything important.

Once Satsuki had bucked herself to exhaustion, Ryuko let slide from her what was left of the dildo. It wasn’t much.

“Mmm,” Ryuko hummed, running her tongue from Satsuki’s entrance to her clit and back. A shudder worked its way through Satsuki’s legs at the action.

“Ryuko,” Satsuki called to her, her voice barely above a whisper. “Come here.”

With languid movements, Ryuko crawled up the length of Satsuki’s body. She left wet and desperate open-mouthed kisses up the valley of Satsuki’s abdominals and breasts as she went. By the time she was kissing Satsuki, Ryuko could feel her legs rubbing together in telltale arousal.

“Hey,” she called to Ryuko again, their lips brushing against each other as she did. “Let’s move to the bedroom?”

Ryuko hummed in agreement, pressing a chaste kiss to Satsuki’s lips before she moved off of her body to stand beside the couch. Without thinking she offered her hand out to Satsuki to help her stand, realizing as soon as she did that Satsuki would likely bat it away. Much to her chagrin, Satsuki slid her palm into Ryuko’s and let herself be tugged to her feet. With as much grace as she could muster, Ryuko jokingly tipped Satsuki into her arms, leaning her back as if they’d been dancing. It was the sappiest shit Ryuko had ever done with anyone in her life and she could feel a blush start to creep onto her cheeks. Satsuki was gorgeous, even more so than usual, with her head tipped back and the elegant column of her neck laid bare.

There was a knot forming in Ryuko’s throat that she swallowed down on so hard she knew it had been audible.

Shit, shit, shit, Ryuko’s mind buzzed as Satsuki leaned back up to cup her cheek. There was a glimmer of unbridled playfulness in her eyes that had Ryuko’s heart pounding in her chest. *Oh god, I’m so fucked, this woman is perfect.*

“As romantic as this is,” Satsuki started to stand back up, her arms snaking around Ryuko’s neck as she did, “it’s a bit awkward with no pants.”

Ryuko’s eyes widened in understanding and she nodded. With even less tact than usual she angled her eyes down to look at Satsuki’s lower half and winked. Even with almost no power behind it, the slap that Satsuki delivered to her cheek was like an electric shock.

“Absolutely uncouth, Matoi,” she seemed to be thinking about something and before Ryuko could protest she was being swept off her feet and cradled in Satsuki’s arms. “now if you don’t mind...”

“Wh-what?” Ryuko sputtered and laughed. “Bitch, I weigh like, way too much to be carried like this.”

“Please,” she scoffed in return, giving Ryuko a little toss to emphasize her disbelief. “How else will I carry you over the mantle, hm?”

“O-oi,” a fire sparked across Ryuko’s face and she attempted to wiggle free of Satsuki’s arms, suddenly embarrassed to be carried by such an elegant person. “You trying to say you’re gonna marry me, Kiryuin?”

With far too little ceremony, Satsuki deposited Ryuko onto the bed like a backhoe dropping dirt. When Ryuko looked up and caught Satsuki staring she could see that same playfulness sparkling there as before. “Is it getting too real, Matoi?”

“H-hey, you’re the one who has something *so* important to talk about,” Ryuko prodded at Satsuki’s abs with her big toe while she started to unbutton her dress shirt. She kept their eyes trained on each other the entire time she stripped off the button-up and the plain shirt beneath it. Her arms stretched behind her own body to unclip her bra and let it slip from her shoulders with a certain grace that Ryuko knew only Satsuki was capable of.

“That can wait,” Satsuki spoke, her voice rife with desire as her fingers sought out the button on Ryuko’s jeans. Figuring that there was no better time than the present, Ryuko began to strip off the loose fitting t-shirt she’d had on while waiting for Satsuki to arrive. Ryuko could tell as soon as she removed it and exposed her bare chest to Satsuki’s eyes that she’d stoked a fire that had already been building in her. “God you’re beautiful.”

Looking down, Ryuko could see that the flush that had been rampant across her face was beginning to spread down to her chest. Red blotches were blooming across her collarbones and above her breasts and Ryuko found herself attempting to cover it with her palms. She couldn’t believe a little sweet talking was all it took to render herself to such an embarrassing state. The faint brush of Satsuki’s fingertips over the backs of her palms was what caused Ryuko to glance up and notice the edges of her mouth and eyes softened with concern.

“Do you want me to stop?” she asked. Her voice was gentle again, her body poised with one knee on the mattress between Ryuko’s thighs and the rest of her body safely standing a scant distance away.

“No, no, of course not,” Ryuko shook her head and gasped when one of Satsuki’s hands gently ran up her side to cup her breast. “You’re just fuckin’ embarrassing me, geez.”

The sweet sound of Satsuki’s chuckling met her ears as she leaned forward, kissing Ryuko purposefully. Her amusement showed itself in the way she hungrily captured Ryuko’s lips a few more times before responding. “What are we? Teenagers? Learn to take a compliment, Matoi.”

“U-ugh,” she groaned, Satsuki’s hands had cupped her breasts and she was leaned over Ryuko’s body, her lips and teeth sucking and biting at the meat of Ryuko’s shoulder. “I’m doing my best, okay?”

“You do the same thing with your,” Satsuki gestured wildly at Ryuko, attempting to convey a word she couldn’t quite place in that moment. “Love-making.”

“Love-making?” Ryuko guffawed. “Are you secretly fucking eighty?” she threaded her fingers through Satsuki’s hair and dragged her back to her lips to kiss her between bouts of laughter. “Am I dating a grandma?”

“Oh, shut. Up.” A squeal left Ryuko at the feeling of her nipples being squeezed roughly. “Now tell me where you keep your harness, Matoi.”

Ryuko pointed at the top drawer of her dresser and Satsuki reluctantly pulled away from Ryuko’s body to rummage around through a variety of underwear. It took a few minutes, Ryuko got more than a few rude comments about the organization of that drawer, but Satsuki eventually found the undergarment she’d been looking for. In another moment of awe, Ryuko watched as Satsuki pulled the panty harness up the length of her legs, her body unfurling as she went. At the top, just as the swell of Satsuki’s hips became their widest, the panties ceased to travel any further. The top of Satsuki’s buttcrack peeked out from beneath the fabric and the elastic pressed into her sides making the sight comical but still highly arousing for Ryuko.

“Now, the penis?” Satsuki asked and Ryuko shimmied up the bed a bit to rummage around beneath her pillows. When she produced the dildo and offered it to Satsuki, she nearly beat Ryuko with the silicone member.

“Not with this filthy thing- do you want a UTI?” Ryuko rolled her eyes but shimmied down the mattress to where Satsuki was kneeling.

“Hey, it’s my juices, I’ll deal with the consequences.”

“G- could you not? With the *juices* talk?” Satsuki emphasized the importance with a few choice slaps of her palms against Ryuko’s thighs.

“H-he-! Hey!” there were mirthful giggles welling up from Ryuko’s chest as she watched Satsuki slip the dildo into the harness.

“Fine, your body, your choice.” Satsuki spoke matter-of-factly and dragged Ryuko towards her by the knees. Ryuko nearly missed grabbing her vibrator as Satsuki forcefully moved her,

snagging it just in time and thumbing it on.

Just as she pressed the vibrator to her clitoris, Satsuki found her entrance with the tip of the dildo. She swirled it against Ryuko's heat, her hand guiding it up to flick across Ryuko's clit that had her moaning profanities.

"Lube, Ryuko." Satsuki commanded and Ryuko popped up into action, stretching out across her bed to find the lube in the same place as the rest of her treasures had been hidden. The raking of fingernails across her torso and abs tore a shocked gasp from Ryuko's lungs before the lube was plucked from her fingertips.

Such a generous amount was smothered across the silicone member that Ryuko watched it drizzle and pool on the sheets. *Ugh, I'll have to wash those before-* Satsuki unceremoniously shoved the member to the hilt inside of Ryuko. Never had she been more thankful to have had a vibrator against her bits. Ryuko nearly came from just that entrance alone.

"You don't say?" Satsuki whispered against her ear and Ryuko groaned. The body on top of her was churning and moving with diligence. Ryuko found herself figuring that Satsuki's internal metronome was probably from spending so much time with Nonon. They had- *similar* - rhythms.

Ryuko curled her fingers into Satsuki's hair, squeezing her close while bucking against the member being constantly pumped inside of her. After a particularly noisy mini-orgasm on Ryuko's part she heard Satsuki moan a bit in turn. With her lips so close to Ryuko's ear it was so easy to tell exactly what Satsuki was feeling. As Ryuko antagonized her further she realized that Satsuki was riled more easily when she returned the motion of her hips. She continued to rock against Satsuki's ministrations, finding the added effort to be more than sufficient to draw an orgasm from herself.

They felt utterly in-sync with each other. Ryuko couldn't really believe it felt so good. She hadn't had a missionary session feel good in- well, shit, years. Now here Satsuki was, a panting and sweating mess pressed against her, dragging a bone-clattering orgasm from Ryuko's body. There was no doubt that Ryuko had embarrassed herself in the process of enjoying it. Thankfully, she didn't give a fuck.

"Satsuki," Ryuko cooed, her voice a barely contained shout. As if absolutely enthralled in what Ryuko had to say, Satsuki shot up from where she'd ended up sucking at one of Ryuko's pert nipples. "Sats, fuck, I honest to god think I'm in love with you."

"Oh, hell, Ryuko," Satsuki paused a beat to let out a soft 'hah', " don't tell me you're just realizing that?"

"Come on, Kiryuin!" Ryuko pouted slightly but gasped when she felt Satsuki softly wiggle the member inside of her. "You know I'm dense about my own feelings, yah don't gotta rub it in you just gotta accept it."

"Oh? Is that the law? Are you a lawyer, Matoi Ryuko?" she teased, leaning down to capture Ryuko's lips between their mixed laughter.

“C’mon, it’s only polite for you to accept my feelings, Kiryuin,” Ryuko dramatically pushed Satsuki away by the shoulders before meeting her gaze with faux emotion in her eyes, “do you accept my feelings?”

“Oh, how could I refuse such a simple but beautiful woman?” Ryuko pretended to be affronted and Satsuki leaned down to kiss her once, forcefully, before pulling back and continuing. “Of course I love you, you fool. I want us to live together, after all.”

“Wait, what?” Ryuko stumbled over her words and reached up to run her hand past Satsuki’s cheek. “Is that what you wanted to talk about?”

“Yes, I’m sorry,” Satsuki admitted, her hips suddenly reminding Ryuko of the member buried fully inside her. “this wasn’t particularly the best time to bring it up.”

“Shit, no, not really but,” Ryuko gasped and humped against Satsuki’s hips. “I’m glad. U-uh that, you want to live together. Yah know?”

“Ryuko the last two months were hell,” the pace was beginning to pick up between Ryuko’s thighs and she hummed her approval and understanding. “I couldn’t believe I’d missed a single person so much but- god, I missed you.”

Ryuko was panting against Satsuki’s neck, her mouth clamping onto her collarbone to bite and suck at it.

“All I wanted was for you to be home when I got there.”

“God, Satsuki, me too,” Ryuko sighed, her orgasm fast approaching as Satsuki’s hips picked up a relentless pace. One of her hands reached down and squeezed one of Ryuko’s butt cheeks roughly. “fuck we’re so god damn gross. Like literal teens.”

“You’re right but that doesn’t mean you should say it,” Satsuki bit down on Ryuko’s neck, leaving a sizeable bruise by the time she finished.

Ryuko earnestly fought against her orgasm as long as she could. It was something about Satsuki’s heavy breathing, the feeling of her body pressing against her over and over, the gripping and clawing of Satsuki’s hand against every part of Ryuko’s body that she could get at. There was something about all of it. Like a hurricane of pleasures all mushed into one. Ryuko had no say in the matter about how long that orgasm was going to take. Satsuki had played every card she knew about Ryuko and it skyrocketed her past the point of no return and refused to relent until Ryuko had tumbled into a second, harshly abrupt, orgasm.

The edges of her vision blurred with grey as she felt consciousness begin to give. It was a comfortable feeling, maybe a fetish Ryuko hadn’t quite realized in herself, and she rode the sensation until her breathing returned in full. She gulped at the air, a fish back in water, until her vision stabilized and her grip on Satsuki’s upper arms relented.

“Alright, I’m done, thank you,” Ryuko weakly attempted to push Satsuki off her, their bodies were slick with sweat and the humidity was beginning to bother Ryuko. “Pussy machine broke.”

Satsuki snorted and dismounted from where she'd been thoroughly nestled between Ryuko's legs. "Always so mature, Matoi."

"Hey, watch me put my mature pants on," Ryuko mimicked pulling up a pair of invisible pants and Satsuki rolled her eyes while attempting to remove the dildo from the harness. "I want our place to have a big ol' backyard."

"I wanted that as well," Satsuki stripped from the harness and climbed back into bed, stealing the vibrator from Ryuko before falling to rest in the pile of pillows that Ryuko had nested into.

"And a basement- for my pussy cave, obvy."

"Speaking of, we need to have a discussion about that toxic masculinity of yours," Satsuki's tone was serious but Ryuko knew it was more a warning than an actual pain point.

"Fine, fine, I want a basement so I can get stoned in the house," Ryuko said and Satsuki grinned at her. A gasp told Ryuko that Satsuki had started to pleasure herself again. She was absolutely incorrigible at times.

"If you want in on this second round you better muster the energy," with a groan, Ryuko dragged herself over to suck roughly at one of Satsuki's nipples. "Oh, so eager."

"Fuck off," Ryuko mumbled but continued to swirl and flick her tongue against Satsuki's breast.

"Don't worry, Ryuko," Satsuki moaned and it caught Ryuko's attention in full. "you'll be coming with me to pick out a living space."

"Mmm," Ryuko hoped her response was enough to display her acceptance of the situation.

"And don't take my tone for lack of excitement," Satsuki started and lost the words from a few moments as Ryuko flicked her tongue rapidly over her nipple. "I have wanted a dog for years and refuse to wait any longer."

It was like hearing all of her dreams come true. Ryuko took a moment to enjoy the sight of Satsuki attempting to reserve herself for her impending orgasm.

"God, we could get a place out in the country," Ryuko found it curious that Satsuki orgasmed at that moment in particular. "Shit, imagine not having to keep your voice down for thin apartment walls." She rapped her knuckles against the wall behind her head before going limp against Ryuko's side.

"Thinking about the sex already, Kiryuin?" Ryuko joked but was met with no response. "Oi."

There was still no response and Ryuko realized that Satsuki had, amazingly, passed out on the spot, her features lax and body limp. Ryuko moved slowly, attempting not to wake her, as she wrapped her arms around her. Once they'd sufficiently been slotted together, Ryuko let her muscles relax and her mind wander. Sleep was peaceful that night.

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